IV MARCH 1924 NO. VI

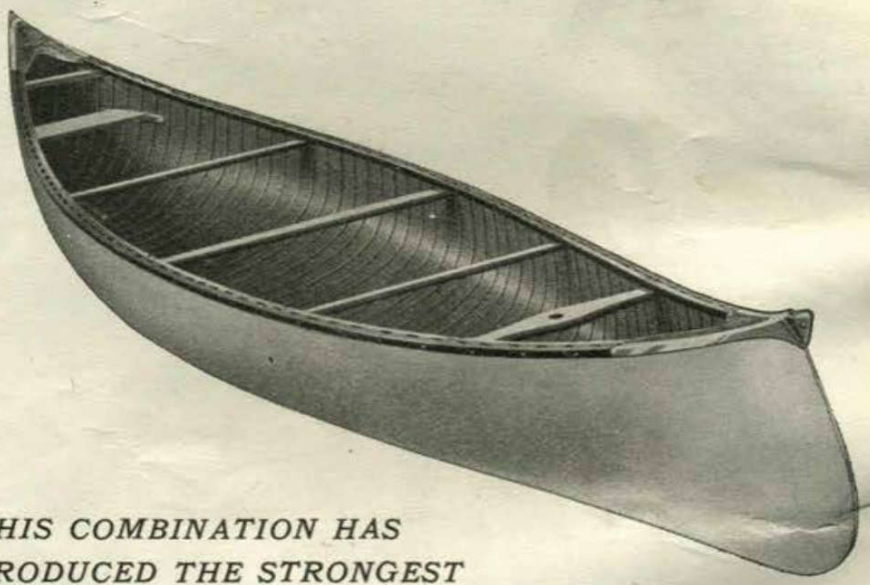
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

ESKIMO WOMEN
CHESTERFIELD INLET

Devoted to the Interests of Those Who Serve the Hudson's Bay Company

FREIGHT CANOES
EQUIPPED WITH
CROWN PLATES



THIS COMBINATION HAS PRODUCED THE STRONGEST CANVAS-COVERED BOAT YET BUILT

The Freight Canoe unquestionably is subjected to the greatest strain of them all. Its heavy loads bearing against the sides exert a pull which invariably spreads the canoe, causing the gunwales to open at the bow and stern. Decks will split and what was otherwise a good craft will come to a sad ending long before its due time.

RICE LAKE CROWN PLATES add no weight, but so encase the bow and stern as to make spreading of the gunwales an impossibility. Freight Canoes so equipped mean longer life and fewer damages and repairs, and the owner's investment in dollars and service so much more gratifying.

Freight Canoes 17 feet to 22 feet.

Rice Lake Canoes, equipped with "Crown Plates," can be supplied through Hudson's Bay Company's Posts

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VOL. IV MARCH 1924 No. 6

You Never Know

When you see a fellow trying just as hard as he can try
To solve perpetual motion or to reach the stars on high,
It doesn't pay to scoff too much, for he may turn the trick
And leave you sick and hollow, wishing you'd been half as quick.

Why spend your time in longing to be someone else you know;
In envying him his talents, or his riches and his show.
He has his little troubles—has his disappointments too;
And, more than likely, all the time he's wishing he were you.

It doesn't do to think we hold the patent route to Heaven;
That every other creed and cult must be with discord riven;
For should by chance we win a place among the angel chorus,
We'll be the most surprised of folks to see who's there before us.

—Robert Watson

British Columbia Posts

No. 2—Fort St. James

By C. H. FRENCH and WM. WARE, B.C. District

AFTER the opening of McLeod's Lake post in 1805, Fort St. James was the next to receive attention. This post came into being as a fur trade point in the spring of 1806, and it was destined to play a prominent part in the organizing of the several other posts established in central British Columbia; indeed it became famous as the head of New Caledonia district.

The lake on which it is situated still retains its original name of Stuart's lake. It is forty-one miles north of Vanderhoof and connected by a fairly good wagon road, so that after leaving the Canadian National railroad one can reach the post by automobile within four hours.

It is further modernized by having a telegraph and telephone system as well as having weekly mail, school, catholic church, and a population of about seventy-five whites and three hundred and twenty-five Indians.

It is being featured as a tourist resort, many beautiful lakes and rivers being easily reached from it, while it is considered to be the front door to the Omineca mining country.

The fort was modernized by Chief Factor Roderick McFarlane, who completely rebuilt it in about 1880, excepting the main dwelling and one warehouse. The warehouse, still known as the Graham warehouse, was built by Chief Factor Graham about 1872, while the dwelling was built by Chief Factor Connelly in 1862 and still stands a monument of economy, carefulness and good service.

From 1806 until 1890 the affairs of the country bounded by the Rocky mountains, the Fraser, Skeena and the coast range of mountains were all taken care of by Fort St. James, there being subservient to it Ft. Alexandra, Ft. George, Fraser's Lake, McLeod's Lake, Bear Lake and Babine Lake.

Up to 1890 I think every high official in the Company's service in British Columbia had his headquarters at this fort at some time.

The climate is dry, but for seventy years the Company has grown field and garden crops with distinct success. Live stock also thrives. Flies may be considered a drawback. The altitude of Fort St. James is 2200 feet.

Life at a Trading Post

An English Woman's Experience

By A POST MANAGER'S WIFE

I left England nearly three years ago: left a life of settled customs, social activities and long-established friendships, a home with all visible tokens of modern comforts and the evidences of a sustained safety, to come with the other half to share his solitude. I often wondered, after we had left the shores of England and were ploughing across the Atlantic, what I could possibly find in the new life to take the place of all I was leaving behind. However, my man was facing his work and would have big difficulties to conquer and my job was to create a real home in whatever place fate was leading us. From this task I determined to wring every possible joy. The novelty of the life before me and the spice of something new in the Big Adventure kept me cheery and happy.

Can it be so short a while ago? The time has passed so quickly. What a lot of experiences have been crowded into life since then! Too many to miss the old associations. Although I will admit I weary for mail-days —but what home-lover would not do that?

I found a welcome in Canada. Everyone I met gave me a warm greeting—a real good start to life on the new soil. Then came the day we were ready to start by canoe for the post. What a fascinating and exciting trip, very novel to me, through, surely, the land of forest and flood! It was wonderful, and the beauty and vastness of it all appealed to me. I found great pleasure, too, in the camping out. The trip was just like a big, long picnic.

Then we reached "home," or what was to be our home, left in none too good condition by the previous occupants. However, to make a real comfortable dwelling place was my task, not just a house to shelter us, and I soon tackled the job. It is marvellous what a little thought and application will do. A few bright colours in cushions and chintz, clean curtains, a few well-loved pictures and books brought along with us, together with a vast amount of "elbow-grease," soon worked wonders.

I found being a wife a most absorbing occupation, for not only was the home to be kept bright and cheerful but the cooking dainty and appetising.

I can honestly say that, apart from the mosquito season (which I don't particularly like, as it keeps me indoors too much), I simply love my new life and never find time to weary; indeed the weeks fly too quickly. Life certainly holds for me the Great Adventure. I'm afraid to enlarge too much on the pleasures of the life in case there would be too great a rush on the bachelors in the Company's service.

I may say, in accordance with the traditions of the H.B.C., we treat our travellers hospitably and they always go away with a good impression of the great old Company.

The Story of Spun Silk

Some Essential Facts About Its Nature and Uses.

From "The Handbook of Spun Silk" issued by Champlain Silk Mills.

SPUN silk is real silk. Like all real silk, it comes from the fibre of the silkworm's cocoon. It is a yarn or thread of true silk. Raw silk, so called, is reeled in a continuous fibre from the cocoon. This process necessitates the killing of the silkworm. Otherwise in due time the silkworm butterfly would emerge from the cocoon and so disarrange the fibres as to make reeling impossible. If all cocoons were reeled the silk industry would obviously die out, because in order to propagate his species the silkworm butterfly must come out from his cocoon. A certain proportion of the butterflies are therefore allowed to pierce their cocoons. These pierced cocoons, together with the waste made in reeling mills or filatures, are the raw material out of which spun silk is manufactured.

Silk cocoons are produced in many countries; Japan, India, China, Persia, Turkey, Italy, and France are all producers. The silk from different sections of the same country differs. The variety of silk cocoons is therefore very large. As a consequence the greatest care and skill must be exercised by the spinner in maintaining evenness of mixtures of raw material so that his yarn may continue to have the same characteristics. Improper mixing will cause uneven dyeing, producing in the finished cloth streakiness and varying shades. Using different yarns in the same piece may give the same unsatisfactory results.

In the first process of the industry the raw wastes and cocoons are boiled. This operation has as its aim the removal of a certain quantity of the sericin or natural gum contained in the materials. After withdrawal from the boiling tubs and a thorough drying, the materials are dressed or combed. This last process creates a "flag" of dressed silk of uniform fibre length. This is next made into a "lap," which in turn is drawn out. At this point the silk begins to assume the size and appearance of thread, and after emerging from the spinning process it is actually a continuous thread as the term is popularly conceived. In the thread form the yarn

is known as "single." When two or three such threads are twisted together the yarn is called a "two-ply" or a "three-ply."

At times confusion arises in the use of the terms spun silk and *schappe*. They both describe a yarn made from short silk fibres drawn and spun into a continuous thread. Spun silk is the English and American term; *schappe* is the European term.

There is a certain amount of sericin or gum in all cocoon silk. The average is about thirty per cent. In the manufacture of spun silk a certain amount is removed or discharged. This varies according to the process of manufacture and purpose of the spinner. Yarns made in America are usually fully discharged. European yarns or *schappe* usually contain about 5 per cent gum. In figuring comparative costs this must be taken into account, because after dyeing or cloth-finishing the gum no longer remains in the yarn.

The amount of gum in silk yarn increases its cost, whether it is called *schappe* or spun silk.

Because the yarns from continental Europe usually contain a quantity of gum, it has been erroneously thought that one of the points of distinction between spun silk and *schappe* lies in the amount of gum the yarn contains.

Spun silk varies in colour from the dark-brown of Tussah to the clear white of a Champlain single. This is due to the nature of the silk used. The whitest silks are the most desirable and the most expensive.

Spun silk is not as brilliant as raw silk. The nature of its construction prevents this, but the better the material and the more skilful the manufacture, the more brilliant the spun silk. The ideal yarn would be the one as lustrous as raw silk, even throughout in size, white in colour and free from surface imperfections.

Spun silk, being genuine cocoon silk, will take all colours that raw silk will take. Spun silk dyes a beautiful white; it can be dyed fast colours to any degree, including resist, that the dyeing art produces. Spun silk can be weighted in both black and colours. Spun and artificial silks take different shades from the same bath. Hence, mottled or heather effects are produced by dyeing these two together in the same fabric.

You Had a Good Day Today

1. If you approached your customers with a smile and a "Good morning."
2. If you displayed your merchandise in an interesting manner.
3. If you talked up the quality.
4. If you took a personal interest in the customers' wants.
5. If you allowed nothing to interrupt your selling talk.
6. If you suggested other merchandise after closing a sale.
7. If you left a desire to "come-back" impression on the customers' minds.—*The Bullock Way.*

Little Hints on How to Write

By ROBERT WATSON

No. 5—Poetry

IT is not my intention to presume to be profound with this subject, nor yet to be comprehensive. Rather I would endeavour in a brief article to shear it of some of its so-called loftiness and try to show that poetry is not for the ultra-learned, the *litterateur*, the book-loving highbrow alone, but can and should be appreciated by anyone with a desire for mental improvement and with ability enough to read. In fact, true poetry, like true prose, should be measured by the extent of its popularity, not by its appeal to the aesthetic few. By this, I do not mean that the poet should descend in his poetic fancy, but that he should so weave his fancy as to charm his hearers and draw them upward to his height of vision almost without their being aware of their own flight.

To be a poet, a man must be highly strung, keenly attuned, sensitive as the disc of a recording phonograph to fleeting impressions. Even with all that, it is only on special occasions, when he becomes less material and proportionately more spiritual, only when a combination of mental circumstances strike harmoniously at an unusual pitch, that real poetry is born. Poetry in the true sense of the word cannot be written to order. Even the greatest of poets find it impossible to write poetry all the time. Poetry is inspirational; it brooks no cold-blooded analysis; it must be humoured when it deigns to come, for once it passes it cannot be recalled. Poetry is literature at its sublimest height.

Bliss Carman confirms this: "Great poetry, like any great art, is only produced in exceptional moments."

Poetry instructs us as no prose can. It awakens the subconscious side of our mentality by suggestion, and it arouses the finer instincts which have been lying half dormant within us. The true poet has already lived his poem in the hard world of experience; he cannot give birth to a poem by proxy. "There is only one way to be a poet," says Bliss Carman, "by sweat and heart-break and bitter weariness of brain."

When one scans a finished poem in all its simplicity, all its word-beauty, its rhyme and gentle rhythm and its nobleness of thought, one is apt to picture the poet with his long, carefully-groomed hair, comfortable in his velvet jacket in an easy chair, dashing off his epic in all its perfection in one grand, triumphal cataract. But, it is not so. Even famous poets have been found with their tobacco-ash spilling all over their waistcoats and their typewriters, their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," tearing their matted hair, perspiring, ay, and giving vent to very unpoetic expressions in their distraction at being unable to call up the word with the exact shade of meaning, the flowing phrase with the correct swing and number of

feet which they knew were requisite to the perfection of a certain line. And so it is that the noblest of poetry is born of hard toil, blood-sweat and mental anguish.

Now, if anyone would seek the real truth of any writer, he should search that writer's poetry rather than his prose, for, as Robert Nicoll, the famous British poet, states, "I have written my heart in my poems: and rude and unfinished and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

Happiness is not an essential to the birth of poetry; rather does it spring from privation, bereavement, confinement, disaster. Poets, like the lark in the cage, have been known to sing their sweetest when imprisoned behind bars of iron or looming walls of adversity. The poet cannot be muffled. He lives in a world of his own.

Poetry is the connecting link between the two arts, literature and music. One might almost be inclined to aver that poetry *is* music. The poet hears the sweetest music in poetry just as some musicians more closely related than others to the art of painting can name the colour of every note as it is struck on the piano. This merely goes to prove that all the arts—literature, sculpture, painting, music—are closely connected, and he who is deeply absorbed in any one of these cannot fail to experience a feeling of fraternal love for all the others.

Some poetry we admire for its style: other poetry for the thought that it contains; but unless the thought be embodied in a style that appeals—in other words, unless the proper combination of thought and style be present—the poem is not likely to have a long life. Poetry is born, as one might put it, of the "mad moments" of life. Even Aristotle in the far back bygone ages recognised this. "No great genius," he said, "was ever without some mixture of madness." Plato, Macaulay and Shakespeare say the same thing in other words. But, after all, it is the *mad* thought that makes the poem—that *is* the poem.

Notwithstanding the loftiness of the poetic art, despite the homage we pay to outstanding poetry of all ages, irrespective of the common knowledge that to be a great poet a man must be a genius, a slighting sneer often follows one who ventures an attempt at it; even the modern recognized poets are deplorably undervalued. But, for all this, there is little danger of the poet becoming extinct. He can no more help writing his verses when they come than he can help his heart beating—it is constitutional.

There are no rules for writing poetry, and poets cannot be made. Coleridge says, "Prose is words in their best order: poetry, the *best* words in the best order."

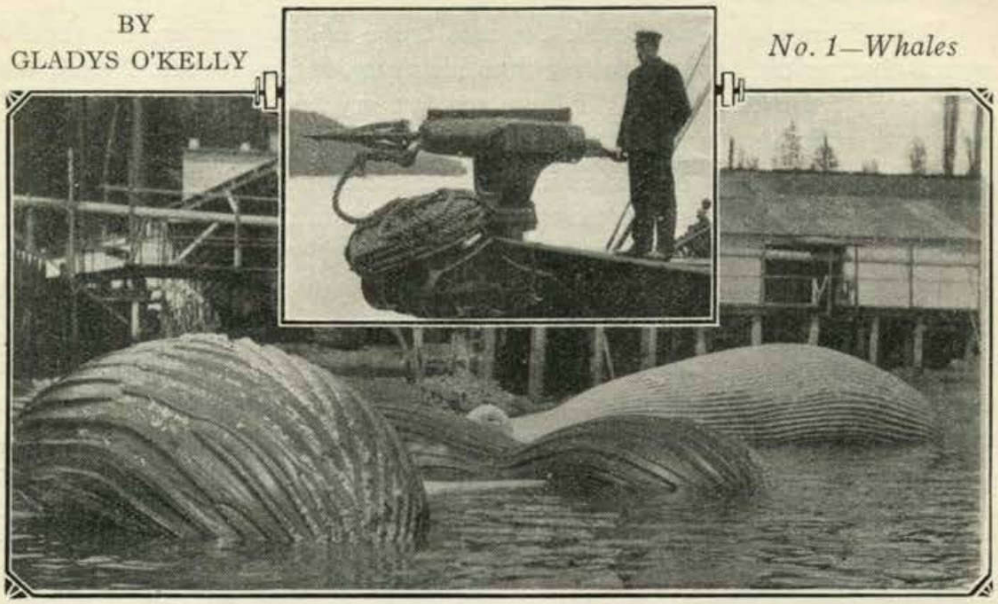
We may conclude with a remark of Hiram Corson's, "People who need definitions of poetry are generally people who have not experienced much of the thing itself. With those who have, poetry is poetry, and there an end."

Concluding article, "The Books to Study," will appear in next issue.

A Woman's Arctic Log

BY
GLADYS O'KELLY

No. 1—Whales



Three Humpback Whales, length 40 to 60 feet. One Sulphur-bottom Whale, length 78 feet. Inset—Harpoon gun, loaded, ready to shoot.

IT is doubtless an unique experience to watch the growth of a vessel from plan and specification to a materialized three-masted schooner of a thousand tons, to have had the honour of sponsoring her, of bestowing the name "Lady Kindersley," and finally to sail aboard the vessel on her maiden voyage to the Arctic, visiting shores and isles known only in name and meeting a people who for the first time in their lives had ever seen a white woman, more particularly as this was the first trading ship to make a continuous voyage from any Pacific port to Coronation gulf in the Arctic ocean and to return through the ice-fields the same year.

No. 1—Whales

The whaling industry at Dutch harbour in the Arctic is very interesting. I inspected the huge rendering vats, which have a sweet, sickly smell quite nauseating to those unused to it. Whales of all kinds are brought to the stations, the largest being the great blue whale, a hundred feet in length and weighing about a hundred tons. I was informed that the blue and the sperm whales frequent only the Behring and Arctic seas, never coming further south in northern waters than the Aleutian islands or further north in southern waters than Cape Horn. The blue whale can be distinguished a long way off, as he has the habit of diving five times in succession.

The bulk of pure oil of the whale is contained in the neck, where a hole is cut and the oil baled out in buckets, this part alone containing

some forty barrels of oil (2,000 gallons), while blubber a foot or more thick is cut from under the skin and rendered in vats. A single whale carcass will yield about five thousand gallons of oil. The flesh is made into fertilizer, the bone ground and sent to sugar refineries. Whale meat is an excellent food when perfectly fresh, but is unpalatable to civilized taste if kept more than two or three days.

The next in size is the sperm whale, seventy-five feet long and weighing about seventy-five tons. The head alone measures twenty feet and produces, like the blue whale, forty barrels of oil. Instead of the usual fringed bone formation of the mouth, the sperm whale has teeth in the lower jaw. This monster takes a bite of from five to six feet across and is known at sea by the spouting of two streams of water.

The humpback, so named because of the peculiar shape of the back, averages about sixty feet in length and sixty tons in weight. This whale and the sulphur-bottom are the same in size and form the greater number of those caught near Dutch harbour.

The bowhead whale, about sixty to seventy tons, has the valuable whalebone in its mouth. These bones, up to fifteen feet in length and black in colour, are shaped like a sword and fringed with coarse hair. The head is one-third the size of the whole body.

Some whalers steam up to a whale and shoot him with a bomb and barb fired from a gun mounted on the bow. Other whales are shot from small boats (gas or sail) with a short brass gun which fires a small bomb into the creature's side (the only vital spot) exploding a hole into which air is pumped as soon as the whale can be reached, and in this blown condition it is towed to the station.

When dissected, two hind legs are clearly distinguishable, showing that at one time whales must have walked on land.

Photos by C. H. French and Capt. O'Kelly

Left—Mouth, Sulphur-bottom Whale, showing gill bone with fringe of hair.
Right—Running oil into vats from Sperm Whale.

The City of Edmonton

By J. R. McINTOSH, H.B.C. Land Agent, Edmonton

THERE is the inclination on the part of those who knew Edmonton in its boom days to believe that she has not yet awakened from her long sleep. This impression is an entirely erroneous one. Steady progress has been made in the way of laying the foundations to support a much larger population than she has at the present time. The actual development of farm land within a radius of twenty miles of the city within the last ten years has been wonderful. Quite safely it can be stated that fifty per cent of this area is now productive where not more than twenty per cent was twelve years ago.

The decade 1902-1912 saw Winnipeg's population increase from approximately 60,000 to 180,000. These figures, I think, are conservative. Of course, Winnipeg's geographical position and cheap power are enough in themselves to make her in time one of the largest cities on the continent, but I submit that as Winnipeg is the gateway to the west half of the Dominion, Edmonton is the natural gateway to the north half and, as such, their positions are almost parallel in that time will make them financial and industrial centres in the truest sense.

It is only in the last year that one has come to realize that Edmonton is fast becoming the grain spout to the port of Vancouver, as Winnipeg is to Fort William. It is now estimated that the grain year 1923-1924 will see at least fifty million bushels of wheat shipped through the port of Vancouver, as against three or four million bushels two years ago, and because of the easy grade of the Canadian National Railway through the mountains, as well as the closer proximity to the port of shipment by water, it is reasonable to expect that all grain produced in the province of Alberta and the west half of the province of Saskatchewan will ultimately find its market through Vancouver. This should establish Edmonton as a grain and flour export market. The establishment this year of the big terminal elevator in Edmonton is proof of this, and a further evidence is the location of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company here.

Edmonton's next best asset is in being the centre of a large coal field. It is only in the last two years that Edmonton's possibilities along this line have been realized, and during that time Alberta coal has to a great extent been supplying the Manitoba market, and is gradually finding its way east and extending its market to the province of Ontario.

Then for two hundred miles north and west of Edmonton the timber wealth of the district is also of great importance, the largest saw-mill in the province of Alberta being located in Edmonton.

Since the war and during the last five years, over ten million dollars have been spent in Edmonton in the construction of new buildings, civic improvements, etc.

The discovery of oil one hundred and forty miles east, within the last two months, is calculated greatly to assist in developing Edmonton, the capital of the province.

Edmonton is now also established as a railway centre, the present pay-roll of the Canadian National Railway alone exceeding two million five hundred thousand dollars per year. The Canadian Pacific Railway is now operating through to the Peace river district, supplying the territory north-west of Edmonton with railway facilities over a distance of five hundred miles and there is a likelihood of the extension of this line to the Pacific coast in the not far distant future.

With all its advantages and with the increase in immigration which is looked for within the next ten years, there is the possibility of Edmonton's population increasing to the same extent in that period as Winnipeg's did between the years 1902-1912.

Donald and Dugald

AN old servant of the Company, now living in Montreal, writes us as follows: "The attached story was related to the writer by Donald when he reached the highest position in the service then attainable. In the early days in the Hudson's Bay service, 1866 to 1900, I had the pleasure of serving under the Donald mentioned. He was very strict, but absolutely just, and a young apprentice was most fortunate in having such a training as he gave me. I was three years with him and wintered with him and the late Lady Smith at Mingan in 1868. In those days we looked on the old Company as our father and, being well treated, were always ready for service, night or day, and made a point of doing everything to the best of our ability.

"Here is the story: In the early forties two young Scotsmen named Donald and Dugald, apprentice clerks in the Hudson's Bay Company, one just out fresh from the highlands, met in the company's office in Lachine, then the headquarters of the Company. Dugald had big ideas and was inclined to look down a little on the newer officers. He got into an argument with Donald and they both got somewhat heated. Dugald remarked, 'Faugh! what do you amount to, a green boy from the highlands! Now, mark my words, later in life I will be a chief factor and you will still be a clerk.'

"Donald's reply was, 'Ay, ay, Dugald, that may well be; but later, if we live long enough, you will remember these words: I will be the chief commissioner of the Company's business and you will be still a chief factor.'

"They both lived long enough to see Donald's prediction come true, and for many years after, Dugald served under the one-time young clerk in the Company's service when the latter had attained the position he had predicted for himself of chief commissioner."

Competition for Our Artists

TO encourage the artistic bent of our employees and their dependents we are offering a prize of ten dollars for the best sketch received suitable for reproduction as a cover for *The Beaver*. Five dollars will be paid for other sketches received in the competition which we may use later as covers. The prizes will not be awarded unless the sketches are considered of sufficient merit for reproduction as stated.

Black and white sketches, if done by pen and ink, must be executed in India ink. If by brush, use one colour only. Coloured sketches in water colours will also be considered for the possible use in Christmas number of *The Beaver*.

The idea of your sketch must be original. Copies of other artists' work not permissible. Summer and winter designs are equally welcome. The size of the drawings should be approximately twelve inches high and ten inches wide. Only the sketch is required. It is not necessary to draw the rest of the cover design. Any number of sketches may be sent.

There will be two competitions, the first closing on May 31st, 1924, and the second on October 31st, 1924. The second competition is intended for the staffs in the fur trade, in London, England, and in other distant parts, also for those who may not compete in the first competition. The prize awards will be similar in each competition.

Be careful to write your name and full address on the back of your sketch and state whether employee or dependent. Mail your work to Editor, *The Beaver*, Hudson's Bay Company, 79 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Competent judges will be appointed, whose decisions will be final.

Historical Diary of Winnipeg

By FRED C. LUCAS

A copy of this neat and interesting little volume has been presented by the author, Mr. Lucas, to the H.B.C. historical exhibit.

Mr. Lucas has embodied the novel idea of giving particulars of an important historical happening for every day of the year. For instance, on June 5th, 1874, Winnipeg's police were called upon to investigate the first burglary to take place in the city, when a building was broken into and three thousand dollars worth of furs, consisting of mink, marten, etc., were stolen.

Another item tells the meaning of the name Winnipeg: "Win" being murky; "nipi" or "nipiy," water—murky-water. Later forms of the name were "Winnipee" or "Winnipic."

The book contains much historical data, and has also a good index. It is on sale in the Winnipeg book stores.

The First Trail to Jasper House

By H. J. MOBERLEY, Duck Lake, Sask.

IN 1858, owing to some mismanagement or mishap, the H.B.C. clerks and servants stationed at Jasper House had suffered much from starvation, so it was decided to abandon the post. The following spring one man was sent up with supplies of ammunition and to tell the Indians to leave that part of the country. This they did, the Shuswaps going to Fort George, B.C., and the Iroquois and Crees to the vicinity of Edmonton.

Jasper House always was one of the best paying posts in the Saskatchewan district, as nothing but the most valuable furs were bought there; so closing up meant great loss to the district.

Before it was abandoned, the outfit was packed at Edmonton and taken to Fort Assiniboine by pack horses and from there by boat to Jasper, but since the post had been closed there was no boat to make the trip from Fort Assiniboine to Jasper.

In the fall of 1858 I made an offer to W. J. Christie, chief factor in charge of the Saskatchewan district, to go up and re-establish the post. This offer he gladly accepted. There being no boat at Fort Assiniboine, I took thirty-seven pack horses, two engaged servants, two Iroquois hunters, and four young Indians. The hunters took their wives and families. We started about October 20th. We had a good trail to Lac St. Anne's and an Indian trail for a few miles to Island Lake; from there on we had to make our way through woods and muskegs, and a nice time of it we had.

In one place, just after having a lot of work getting through fallen timber, we struck a ridge of large jack pine with a lake on both sides and no under-brush. We certainly enjoyed it until we suddenly came to the end of the ridge, when we found the two lakes were really one in the shape of a horse-shoe and we had been travelling out on a sort of peninsula. The lake proved too broad and deep to cross, so, with a few strong sentences about such shaped lakes, we had our fine ride back, then a few extra miles of bad country to traverse before we got round the lake.

After many a struggle and plenty of hard work we got to the fort about November 15th and made the first trail from Edmonton to Jasper House. The railroad now runs practically over the same trail.

At Jasper House, the dwellings were in a most dilapidated state—mud chimneys down, no windows, and some roofs fallen in, snow a foot deep, and ground frozen. There wasn't quite half a bag of pemmican left. It looked remote, unfriendly and slow, and we felt exceedingly melancholy. But two days after we had mutton from big horn sheep and fine fat moose meat; and from that day, during the three years that I remained in charge, I never once was short of grub. So the first pack trail from Edmonton to Jasper was made and thereafter was so much used and improved that now one can go in a pullman car with every comfort at his command.

The Late S. J. Rothwell, K.C.

Solicitor H.B.C. 1903 to 1924

IT is with very much regret that we record the death of Mr. S. J. Rothwell, K.C., who for the past twenty-one years has been the Company's solicitor. He died on February 6th, after a long and painful illness.

Chief Justice Perdue was the Company's solicitor from 1885 to 1903; during the latter part of this time Mr. Rothwell was his junior partner and took a special interest in the Company's business, so that when Mr. Rothwell became the Company's solicitor in 1903 he was well prepared.

The Late S. J. Rothwell, K.C.

Mr. Rothwell was seldom seen either going to or coming from his office or home without his constant companion, his well-worn black brief-bag. His great anxiety at all times was to perfect every document he drafted, and it was satisfactory to know that the finished product was as complete as it was humanly possible to make it and that the Company's present and future interests were adequately protected.

Any misuse of the Company's name or any reflection on it raised Mr. Rothwell's intense indignation. He was delighted at the Company's victory in their recent libel case in England, and while ill in bed asked for a copy of the court report.

While not active in sport in recent years, he took a great interest in athletics, and during his year's painful illness one of his chief pleasures was the sporting page in the newspapers. A story with a football or baseball background was a treat.

Mr. Rothwell was born in Lanark County, Ontario, in 1868, and was educated in Perth, Ontario, and the University of Toronto, from which he graduated B.A. in 1891. He moved to Winnipeg in 1891, becoming a law student with Messrs. Perdue and Robinson, and was called to the Manitoba bar in 1895, in which year he left Messrs. Perdue and Robinson. He was employed by Messrs. Hough and Campbell until 1900, when he entered into partnership with the present Chief Justice Perdue, which partnership lasted for three years, at the end of which time, Chief Justice Perdue being raised to the bench, Mr. Rothwell formed a partnership

with Thomas H. Johnson. Subsequently, Mr. Bergman and Mr. McGhee were taken into partnership, making the present firm of Messrs. Rothwell, Johnson, Bergman and McGhee.

The funeral service was held on Friday, February 8th, at St. Luke's church, and burial took place at St. John's cemetery, where many Hudson's Bay people and their relations have been interred. The service was attended by all members of the Canadian committee in Winnipeg, heads of departments, and many of the staff of the Company, as well as by most of the judges, barristers and solicitors in the city.

Mr. Rothwell leaves a widow, three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Rothwell's devotion to her husband and her great pride in his professional standing are well-known.

The governor and committee expressed their sense of loss in a resolution of the board, which was cabled in the following terms:

"Meeting of Board today received with deep regret intimation death of Mr. Rothwell. Please convey to relatives our sincere sympathy in the loss they and the Company have sustained."

An Indian Fakir Performance

By R. E. EVANS, Land Department

VERY few people realise what a wonderful country India is, with its teeming millions speaking many different languages. There are 217 million Hindus, three million Sikhs, one and a quarter million Jains, nearly eleven million Buddhists and ten and three-quarter million Mahomedans, besides many others, and these are all in turn broken up into hundreds of castes. They nearly all dabble in magic. Their tricks are very mystifying because they do not have the paraphernalia of the magicians in European countries.

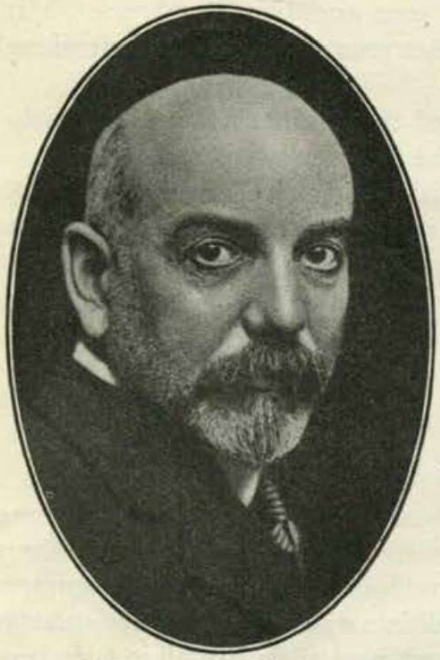
One morning in Meerut a band of conjurers called on us and wanted to show some of their tricks. We were rather tired of them and told them to go away, but the leader came to me and asked me to give him leave and he would show us something really good. As it was the slack time of the day, I asked him what he could do. He asked if I had ever seen the "disappearing boy" trick. I told him that I had not and would like to. After doing a few simple tricks, he sent one of the troupe for a long rope; he then called a boy and asked him if he could climb. The youngster said he thought he could. This man had a shrill pipe, which he blew furiously. Suddenly he threw an end of the rope upwards, where it remained. He told the boy to go up, which the lad proceeded to do—up, up until he disappeared. In about two minutes we heard him call from the back of a hedge which was about fifteen yards away. We were all prepared to swear that the boy went up that rope, but I am not quite so sure of it now. This took place on the gravel path outside my house about 10 a.m.

C. C. Chipman

Commissioner Hudson's Bay Co. 1891-1911

NEWS has reached Winnipeg of the death of ex-Commissioner C. C. Chipman on February 11th at his home at Leamington Spa, England, at the age of sixty-eight years.

Mr. Chipman was the commissioner in Canada of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1891 to 1911, and the fact that he was only thirty-five years of age when he received this high appointment stands out a monument to his great business acumen.



The late C. C. Chipman

He was a man of medium height, neat in appearance and alert in his actions; a man of great energy and ability, a keen sportsman and an enthusiastic horseman. His tact and diplomacy often stood him in great stead and won for him time and again the object he had in view.

When he joined the Company the field was entirely new to him, but he quickly acquired a firm grasp of its many branches. He had a decided preference for young, energetic men of his own type.

During his regime much was done in the reorganizing of the Hudson's Bay Company's business. Centralization in regard to accounts and business operations in Canada generally was one of his great schemes which he brought into practical effect. He did much to show the proper location of the Company's capital in the Dominion. He also made the sales shops and the fur trade separate departments.

Prior to his service with the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Chipman was two years in the department of public works at Ottawa and for four years in the finance department.

When Sir Charles Tupper became High Commissioner for Canada in London in 1884, Mr. Chipman accompanied him as private secretary.

He organized and directed the Canadian exhibit at Antwerp in 1885, and in 1886 organized and supervised the expenditures in the Canadian section of the Colonial and Indian exhibition in London, England. He acted as executive commissioner during the absence of Sir Charles when the latter was on a visit to Canada. In 1888 he was Sir Charles Tupper's private secretary in Washington during negotiations prior to the Atlantic inshore fisheries treaty, and again in 1890 in connection with the trade negotiations between Canada and the United States.

He then returned to the civil service in Ottawa, becoming chief clerk in the department of marine and fisheries and also private secretary to the minister, accompanying him in 1891 to Washington on the Behring sea negotiations. It was in that year that he received his appointment as executive head of the Hudson's Bay Company and became a resident in the city of Winnipeg.

On Mr. Chipman's retirement from the commissionership in 1911, he went to live in England with his wife and two daughters, purchasing his home, Woodlands, in Roehampton, Surrey, where he lived till last year, when he moved to Arnathwaite House, Leamington Spa.

Mr. Chipman was born at Amherst, N.S., on May 24th, 1856. He leaves one son, Hamilton Chipman, of Winnipeg, and three daughters, two of whom are resident in England, the other being Mrs. E. Van den Nest, of Winnipeg. Mrs. Chipman died in England in 1913.

Siberian Bear and Fox

GRADUALLY but surely it is being indelibly impressed upon the visitor to Vancouver zoo, that the Hudson's Bay Company are still very much fur traders. When the Company's *Ss. Baychimo* rode in the harbour some weeks ago, having come from the Siberian seas, she had on board two Siberian brown bears and a Siberian fox, gifts from the Company to the Vancouver parks board. The bears had become great pets of the officers and men, as the illustration shows, and would stand up and beg for dainties. Over-kindness in the frequent feeding of sweetstuffs caused the death of the bear on the left; the other bear and the fox are already quite at home in Vancouver zoo, where they are greatly admired.

Sense and Nonsense

Failure is always ready with an excuse; success needs none.

Repentance has the unfortunate habit of arriving late.

Watch the successful men in all fields of human endeavour and you'll find that they do their work just a little better than the other fellows.

No man can be cheated out of an honourable career in life unless he cheats himself. Believe in yourself and your capabilities and you will not be cheated.—*Emerson.*

Life is a grindstone and whether it grinds a man down or polishes him up depen's on the stuff he's made of.—*Josh Billings.*

I should never have made my success in life if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I have ever undertaken the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest.—*Charles Dickens.*

—

When we have discovered a continent or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop and but a little way further against the setting sun descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

—

Never put yourself in a position, no matter what the inducement—whether a big salary or other financial reward, or the promise of position or influence—where you cannot act the part of a man. Let no consideration tie your tongue or purchase your opinion. Regard your independence as your inalienable right, with which you will never part for any consideration.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

A gentleman in the banking line was asked to say grace, and this is what he said: "Dear Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy favours of recent date. Permit us to express our heartfelt gratitude. We trust that we may continue to merit your confidence and that we shall receive many more blessings from you in the future. Amen."

—

A lady rushed up to the counter, saying: "I'd like to see the smartest thing you have in men's clothing."

Clerk—"Madam, I am at your service."

—

It was a third floor girl. She was coughing terribly. Someone asked where she caught such a cold. "Oh, one of the floor managers took me out of furs and put me in chiffons last week!" Now what floor-man could have been so thoughtless?

—

Customer (in the book department)—I notice you've got here *The Last Days of Pompeii.* Let me see, what did he die of?

Assistant—I'm not sure. Some sort of eruption, I believe.

—

Mr. Ayres is the acme of courtesy. In leaving the elevator on the fifth floor he stepped on a young woman's foot. "I beg your pardon for walking on your feet," said Mr. Ayres graciously. "Oh, don't think of it! I walk on them myself," she said.

—

Samson had the right idea of advertising. He took a couple of columns and soon had everything coming his way.

—

Visitor—You certainly have a fine-looking bunch of stenographers. Where do you find them?

Manager—Usually back in the corner arranging their hair.

Fishing in the Air for Distant Pleasures

No matter who you are, or where, you'll find it wonderfully fascinating to sit down before the new

MARCONIPHONE

to fish in the air for programmes constantly being broadcasted in cities hundreds of miles away. And you'll get your amusement at once, hear clearly and without distortion all the varied entertainment constantly in the air—for the new Marconiphone is a gem, the product of 20 years experience.

Write for booklet "J"

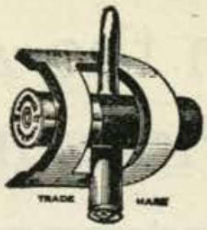
THE MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

ST. JOHN'S (Nfld.) HALIFAX MONTREAL TORONTO VANCOUVER

There Is No Other Way

In the case of almost every responsible person, there is some one overwhelming reason for life insurance. Generally, the dominant factor is wife and children. Ordinary savings in most cases are inadequate for the purpose. Life insurance is the one medium that can meet the case and meet it perfectly. A Great-West Life Policy means absolute protection in any event; it may mean a fortune to the insured himself, if he lives, or to his dependents should the unexpected happen at any moment.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG



When Your Rifle's Your Meal Ticket

When there's weeks of hard mushing between you and the nearest settlement and your rifle's your meal ticket—then—your ammunition ***must*** be dependable. One cartridge must be just as hard-hitting and accurate as another. The North has no place for "duds."

That's why Dominion Ammunition has played such an important part, not only in the far North, but throughout Canada. Shooters know that they can rely absolutely upon Dominion Ammunition.

Dominion Metallic Cartridges with famous non-fouling bullets are made to meet Canada's severe climatic conditions.

Dominion Ammunition

ALWAYS DEPENDABLE

News From Stores, Posts and Branches

Vancouver

S. D. Wilson is visiting the footwear markets in the interest of his department and will leave New York on his way to Europe by the *Ss. Berengaria*, which sails on March 8th.

M. C. B. Green, buyer of millinery, is in the markets on a style-studying and purchasing trip of the season's latest millinery confections.

Miss Andrew, buyer of women's suits, coats and dresses, is making her first trip to the markets in the interest of her department. The best wishes of the store are with her, and there's no doubt that her experience of many years as assistant to Mr. Boyle will aid her materially in the selection of her garments.

We are glad to see C. Greer back after his severe illness.

We notice that Mr. Bell, too, who was confined to his bed with a bad attack of flu, is on deck again.

Dick Horspool, the veteran of the display section, is down with the flu also. We wish for Dick a speedy recovery.

E. Andrew, buyer for our ready-to-wear department, left on her semi-annual visit to the eastern markets February 2nd.

A happy event of more than usual interest this month was the announcement of the wedding of our genial Irish colleague William Taylor, for the past seven years foreman of the grocery order-room, to Mrs. J. A. Harrington, who hails from New Zealand and who for some time was in the mail order department. The event was celebrated on Feb. 2, and Mr. Poole (grocery manager), on behalf of many friends throughout the store, presented the happy couple with a full set dinner service. The tit-bit of the presentation, however, was the following impromptu lines written for the occasion by Miss A. K. Smith, who has long been looked upon as the store poetess, and their reading by Mr. Harrison delighted the numerous friends of Mr. Taylor; but none was more pleased than Mr. Taylor himself, who, we understand, intends having them framed for his bedroom.

Business it is hard to get;
The mail order tried the best stunt yet.
A dear little girl they put on sale,
And she was bought, but not by mail.
Bill the Irishman got the girl,
And with his Janet found a pearl.
"There's nothing too good for the Irish."
He called her his dear New Zealand lamb,
And she called him her fine big Irishman.
So he popped the question right away,
And this is now the wedding day.
And we wish them the best of luck and joy,
For Bill sure is a "broth of a bhoy."
"There's nothing too good for the Irish."

—

MY AMBITION WHEN TWENTY-ONE
(*An Interview with Mr. Lockyer*)

After serving thirty-one years with the Hudson's Bay Company and twenty-seven years of that in an official capacity, Henry T. Lockyer holds today the distinguished position of general manager for the Hudson's Bay Co. stores throughout the province of British Columbia.

"Luck?" we queried, "—the outcome probably of an early ambition? or—what has it been, Mr. Lockyer, that has placed you where you are today?"

The keen but kindly blue eyes of Mr. Lockyer twinkled. The question amused even as it interested, and instantly he was alert.

"Certainly not luck! Luck is a word I don't believe in. People don't arrive through luck; if they get anywhere it is because they have worked—and worked hard! I've worked—glad I've been able to. After all, work is about the best thing we can do. . . As for my present position being the outcome of any early ambitions of mine—not at all! No connection whatever—fact is, in looking back—and although it is thirty odd years ago—I can vividly recollect the ambitions I cherished when I was twenty-one."

A moment's pause and then with a low laugh: "My first ambition—oh, yes, I possessed more than one—was to qualify for the Kent County eleven. My second, to become a member of parliament. My third, to live in a fine old house—near my father's home—with lovely grounds and a trout stream running through them. To-day, and with the realization that none of these ambitions has been fulfilled, I am afraid that I can say—and conscientiously—that I have no regrets.

"Is it strange for the president of the 'Burrards' to say of the ancient game of golf that it appeals more to a busy man than the more leisurely game of cricket? As for my becoming a member of parliament—well, experience has shown that the easiest way to lose one's reputation is to branch out into the political game. So probably it is just as well that my second early ambition has not been fulfilled.

"As for the fine old house with the trout stream—old houses, like old clothes, no longer appeal to me, and as I now view things I would much sooner live in Vancouver in my own comfortable and modern home than in a house fashioned years ago to suit the whims and tastes of some other man. As for living in Vancouver—well, I came here thirty-three years ago, have lived here ever since, and I wouldn't want to live anywhere else—so much for early ambition number three." Again Mr. Lockyer laughed, this time heartily. "Well, life is pretty good—even if we haven't achieved our youthful ambitions.

"After all"—here the speaker's tone became serious—"there are only two things in life that count; first, our actual usefulness; secondly the happiness we can give to others."—*Vancouver Daily World*, January 25, 1924.

Winnipeg

(Stop Press, February 22nd, 1924)

F. R. Pierson, of the executive office, is now a proud father. Congratulations, old man!

We are glad to hear mother and son are well.

Victoria

Of course we regret the reason which brought Mr. Pout back to Victoria, but we were none the less glad to see him once again. Mr. Pout has been spending a few weeks in our garden city recuperating after a serious illness. We trust that the temporary change of climate will prove greatly beneficial and that he will soon be restored to his usual health, strength and vigour.

Cupid has again been putting in overtime. Doris Oldershaw, who left us at the end of January, was quietly married on Wednesday, February 20th. The reception afterwards was attended by a large number of friends including many of her former fellow workers in the office. Mrs. Yorke (as she is now), after her return from California, where the honeymoon is being spent, intends to reside in Vancouver.

And now comes news of another of Cupid's conquests. Florence Law, who has been a member of the office staff since the opening of Victoria store, leaves us shortly to enter the blissful state of married life. Congratulations are in order.

Sincerest sympathies are extended to Edith Rhodes in her recent sad bereavement caused by the death of her mother.

At the time of going to press several of our buyers are away visiting the eastern markets—Miss Workman, of the millinery department; Miss Grimason, women's ready-to-wear; Miss McLaren, whitewear and children's wear; Mr. Gordon, fur department. The following buyers are expecting to leave in the next few days: Mr. Florence, dress goods, silks and staples; Mr. Davidson, hosiery, gloves, etc.; Mr. Hunter, men's and boys' departments; and Mr. Mowry, hardware and china.

Readers who are interested in the sporting activities of the employees' association have been pleased to note the great improvement of form displayed by our football team. At the commencement of the season things did not go just the way that

pleased best. From recent results, however, it is evident that our boys can win if they like.

The basket ball teams, both ladies and gentlemen, also begin to show what they are really worth. If you wish to witness some exciting matches, come and see them play once in a while. You won't be disappointed.

The following communication received from one of the gentler sex is evidently intended for the eyes of certain male members on the main floor: "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. What a fascination the triple mirror has for some folk. How about a dab of cream and dust of powder after a shave?"

While the rain was pouring down upon the city one day, two or three weeks ago, when one could easily imagine oneself to be in Vancouver instead of Victoria, a young lady with dripping umbrella entered the hardware department and announced, "I want a watering can." It was too much like an Eskimo buying an ice cream freezer in the middle of an Arctic winter, and smiles greeted the customer's words, but she quickly explained that she wanted the can to water indoor plants. A suitable utensil was located and was carried away out into the downpour under the shelter of the umbrella.

—

STUDY

Study should be regarded as one of the most direct means of fitting yourself for the larger opportunities present in your business.

When you *study* merchandise, you are equipping yourself with information which will enable you to give expert advice.

By *studying* your customers you become familiar with the human factors in business which enables you to mold and shape the opinions of people, cause them to agree with you, like you and be pleased with you.

By *studying* the store's policies, you learn to interpret them in a larger spirit of service which the store should render to a community.

A VISIT TO GONZALES OBSERVATORY

As the C.P.R. Vancouver steamer sweeps round the point of Foul Bay (according to old-timers this should be spelled "Fowl Bay"), one of the first sights that meets the eye of incoming visitors is the imposing white building situated on the heights of Gonzales hill. To Victorians it is a familiar sight, but how many have ever taken the opportunity of visiting the observatory itself and of making the acquaintance of Mr. Napier Dennison, that gentleman to whom we are indebted for the daily weather forecasts and reports..

On a recent Wednesday afternoon, I had the pleasure of visiting the observatory. I spent a most interesting and profitable time learning from Mr. Dennison much about the delicate and wonderful instruments of which he has charge.

Gonzales observatory is one of the important wireless stations on Vancouver island.

But what interested perhaps more than anything was the sensitive instrument, or rather two instruments, by which earthquakes are recorded—the same instruments that recorded so graphically the disastrous upheaval in Japan a few months ago. These two instruments, exactly alike, are set at right angles to one another so that one would record the vibrations from north and south and the other from east and west. They are mounted on huge concrete columns built up from the solid rock below, reaching right through the floors of the building but not touching them. The slightest pressure upon either of the columns would be recorded by the instruments, as Mr. Dennison demonstrated by touching one of the columns with his hand.

The instruments for recording the direction and velocity of the wind were also very interesting. The paper charts on which these records are made are changed every twenty-four hours.

Mr. Dennison asked me to convey to the employees his cordial invitation to visit the observatory, and suggested that some Wednesday afternoon a party might be arranged among the members of our staff.—*G. A. Beck.*

Kamloops

We rejoice in the fact that stock taking is once more over and we are back to the usual routine after days and nights of hard work in which all the staff helped diligently. Thoughts are now centered on the opening up of spring business.

The first of our social functions this year was held on January 15th in the form of a whist drive and dance, when all the members and ex-members of the staff gathered together in the I.O.O.F. hall and had a jolly time. Whist was played from 8 to 10 p.m., and the winning parties were as follows: Ladies' first prize, pair of bedroom slippers, Miss F. A. Hewson; consolation, toy chicken, Mrs. T. Calderhead; gents' first prize, pair gloves, T. S. Sinclair; consolation, A. Clark, traveller for Malkins, presented with a big box containing an over-ripe banana with these words, "We have no bananas today." Tea and refreshments were then served by the ladies, and everyone had the "get-acquainted feeling." Dancing followed, with Gee's orchestra in attendance. The party broke up at one a.m.

M. E. Barr has just returned from Vancouver and looks much better for her vacation. She is now busy preparing her spring millinery. If you want to see some fine hats just come upstairs to the top floor.

D. G. Lockyer, Vancouver, has been visiting this branch for the last two weeks, assisting in the supervision of stock sheets and general inspection of books.

Annie Sargent, of the dry goods department, resigned her position as saleslady to enter the ranks of matrimony. We all wish you health, wealth, long life and happiness, Annie.

We are all sorry to see Mr. Macnab, former accountant at this branch, go from amongst us, for he has been well liked during the period he has been here. We say *au revoir*, Howard, and every success.

We are pleased to welcome L. Andrews, who has recently been transferred from the crockery department to the office staff.

Calgary

We are very pleased indeed to welcome H. Warren, our new advertising manager, and we can assure Mr. Warren of our assistance and co-operation in carrying out the duties of his new position.

We were very sorry to learn that Esther Florence underwent an operation for appendicitis recently, but were pleased to hear that she is progressing nicely.

One of our enthusiastic contributors has interpreted the alphabet of the Calgary Hudson's Bay Company as follows:

C ourteous staff.
A lways ready.
L oyal boosters.
G ood management.
A bility and service.
R eliability.
Y early good resolutions carried out.

H ard work.
B rains.
C o-operation.

—

GREAT HOUSE FURNISHINGS SALE

Another big event during carnival week was the opening of the Hudson's Bay great house furnishings sale. This was opened Thursday morning, February 14th, and got away to a good start. This sale was truly the greatest house furnishings sale ever staged in Calgary, as the stock of furniture, rugs, linoleums and draperies amounted to $355,000. The furniture displayed on the fourth floor and the rugs and draperies on the sixth floor presented a very fine appearance indeed, and the efforts of those connected with the staging of this sale were rewarded by the purchases made by crowds of people who attended.

—

WINTER CARNIVAL

The annual Calgary winter carnival closed on February 16th, after a very successful week of winter sports. Probably the big feature of the week was Kiwanis night at the arena, which included crowning the Kiwanis carnival queen. The Hudson's Bay candidate, Miss Peggy O'Neil, made a wonderful showing and was just beaten for first place at the

finish by the Western Canada representative. Carnival queen contest provided great enthusiasm, and much credit is due our candidate and her supporters for the very creditable showing made.

—

BETTER RETAIL SALESMANSHIP

We were handed a little booklet the other day entitled "Better Retail Salesmanship," which is published by the Merchants' Service Division of the National Cash Register Company, and it contains some very good ideas regarding the making of sales. The writer gives four reasons why salespeople should have a thorough knowledge of the merchandise.

1. The first reason is a selfish one. It is not because the boss wants you to; it is not because the customer wants you to; it is because it will add to the pleasure you get out of your work—you will get more fun out of life.

One-third of your life you are dead; you are sleeping. How about the other two-thirds? One-half of it you are working, and the other half you are seeking pleasure.

Do you like to work? If you don't, whose fault is it: the work, or yours? One cannot get enthusiastic about a monotonous job.

2. The second reason why you should know your merchandise is because such knowledge gives you something that is worth thousands of dollars to you, and you cannot buy it. What is it? Self-confidence! Self-confidence is worth money. You can't buy it. Do you want it?

3. The third reason why you should know your merchandise is in order to answer questions if the customer asks them. You should know your merchandise from A to Z.

4. The fourth reason why you should know your merchandise is because such knowledge enables you to get material for a sales talk. It doesn't make any difference what a man is selling—whether it is carpet tacks, religion, pianos, or tables—he should have a written sales talk. A sales talk is a life preserver at the start. Then a day comes when you can discard it and give the points about the merchandise to the customer without its aid, and do it convincingly.

Check up on yourself and ask, "Am I a real salesman? Am I a real saleswoman? Or am I just an order taker?"

—

CURLING

The H.B.C. curling club games have been temporarily postponed, owing to the lack of ice during the first part of the month and also due to the annual Calgary bonspeil. In order that our curlers may not become rusty we are publishing here the curler's ten commandments:

1. Thou shalt have no other game before me, for I am the *roaring game* which was in the beginning (even in the stone age), is now, and ever shall be.

2. Come not upon the ice with the old house broom, for thou canst not quicken the pace of a dying rock with a last year's broom.

3. Thou shalt learn thy turns, both the in and the out, for the skip will not hold him guiltless that throweth a wrong turn.

4. Play not a running shot when thou art asked for a guard, lest thou raise thine own shot, so sending thy skip in the air; such play getteth his goat, queereth his game, causeth him to swallow his gum, and to revile thee openly.

5. Thou shalt hearken diligently to the defeated skip when his voice is lifted up in lamentations against the punk ice, and thou shalt not turn thy face from him when he blameth his third man. Even so shalt thou secure a listener against the day of thine own defeat.

6. Thou shalt not strew straws from thy broom in the path of thine own or thine adversary's rocks, neither shalt thou spit in front of them causing them to halt in their course and to die suddenly and become *pork*, for even as *pork* is an abomination to the *Jews*, so also is a *hog* in the sight of the skip.

7. Thou shalt have no discourse with thine adversary while his foot is in the *hack* and his hand is on the rock, but if thou wilt thou canst pray for him.

8. Thou shalt not push or kick a rock into the house from behind stealthily, for the opposing skip will know of a surety and his anger will be kindled against you, and

he will rise up in righteous indignation over thee, and he will smite thee with his broom handle and thrust thee hence from the sight of the curlers, and the days of thy curling will be ended, for this is the unpardonable sin.

9. Thou shalt not covet thy opponent's rock, nor his broom, nor his lead player, neither shalt thou filch from him his third man, who is his mainstay and a wall of defence in the day of battle.

10. And when thou comest to the last end and hast won the game and hast still a rock to play and thou playest with great deliberation and thy rock gambols playfully down the ice sailing jauntily around the guard and through the port and wicketh thine adversary's rock into the house so that it counts him the end of the game, and thou cometh down the ice in fear and trembling and art hailed by the enemy as a *good sport* and a *curler*, and by thine own side with groans and murmurings, and findest thou hast peddled the game away, thou shalt receive the proffered hand of thine adversary and *wring* it, even if in thine heart thou couldst wish it were his *neck*.

Nelson

L. H. Benjamin, of the Winnipeg audit office, spent a short time with us recently.

H. Buchan Dall, ladies' wear buyer, has just returned from a buying trip to Vancouver.

E. Hill, buyer for the dry goods and house furnishings department, has also returned from Vancouver, where he went to meet Mr. Eynon, from our London buying office, carrying samples for fall, 1924.

We welcome back Mrs. Steele, of the dry goods, and Joe Rowling, of the shoe department, who have been absent for a couple of weeks on account of illness.

Spring having been in the air since the end of January and the snow having almost all disappeared, several of the staff who are ardent football enthusiasts are already looking up their football uniforms in preparation for the coming season.

Edmonton

Mr. Beckett, department manager in the china and hardware sections, has gone east on an extensive buying trip, visiting the leading markets. Miss Miller is assuming the responsibilities of the department during his absence.

Miss Gladys Wright, assistant to Mr. Ballard in the fancy goods section, resigned after five years of faithful service. She was presented with a handsome club bag upon her departure for Vancouver, where she will in future reside.

Mr. Graham, department manager of the ladies' ready-to-wear section, has just returned from a buying trip and reports a decided improvement in business conditions.

P. Plowman was paid a surprise visit at his home recently by a large party of fifty of his fellow-employees. A very enjoyable evening of games, songs and dancing was spent. Songs were given by S. McPherson, George Crockett, Bert Crockett, Percy Plowman and Edna Southen. Mrs. Ness, of the office staff, capably accompanied on the piano.

We were pleased to see Mr. Chasey, department manager of the men's clothing section, once more in his accustomed place, after five months' leave of absence for his health.

Miss Vinnie Cox, of the infants' section, has been promoted to the position of assistant to Mr. Ballard in the fancy goods department. We were all pleased to hear of Vinnie's good fortune and feel that it was a promotion justly deserved.

E. Hanna resigned from the Company's service to take a position with the Ashdown Hardware Co., Ltd. On behalf of his co-workers of the department, Percy Plowman presented him with a gold pencil. The girls then took advantage of leap year privilege and kissed him. On leaving, Mr. Hanna was heard whistling the tune of the British Grenadiers, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

H.B.C. GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

The team is now getting into good shape and will take a lot of beating in forthcoming games.

The first match was played on the H.B.C. rink against the Morris School of Physical Culture and, after three hard-fought periods, ended in a draw, 1-1.

To say the game was rough, tough and fast, is putting it mildly. Nasty falls, heavy checking, etc., places these two teams on a par with any two men's teams.

Jean Robertson and Etheleen McEwen were easily the stars of the evening, both displaying brilliant stick handling and fast skating. A few days later the team played the West End Community League —a dark horse, but they turned out to be no less than the famous Monarchs team in training for the provincial championship. It is all the more creditable to our girls when the final score ended only 3-0 for the West Enders.

The Bay team comprised the following: Goal, Ruby See; defence, Myrtle Stong and Bessie Semple; forwards, Jean Robertson (captain), Violet Davis and Etheleen McEwen; subs, Jean Haffie and Genevieve Fader.

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THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM MANAGER

A challenge is received and accepted by the manager for a specified date, but only provisionally—heavy on the word *provisionally*, for he knows full well that almost insurmountable difficulties will have to be encountered in getting this team together.

He first starts out by interviewing the captain, and the conversation is usually along these lines:

"Miss ——, I have accepted a challenge from so-and-so. Can you make it for that date?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I may be playing for the 'Rangers' on that particular date. I do not know for certain, but will let you know the day after tomorrow."

No. 2 is then interviewed. Her answer is:

"I do not know for certain if I can play until I have seen my 'fellow.' I think he wanted to take me to a jazz party that night. I will let you know tomorrow."

No. 3 is then interviewed.

"Can you play a game on Thursday night, Miss——?"

"I am awfully sorry, but Bill has asked me to go to the Empire with him and I cannot very well refuse, as it is his only night off this week."

Things are now looking bad and it appears that the reserves will have to be called upon or the game definitely cancelled.

No. 4 is then approached.

"Miss——, can you turn out on Thursday night to play a game?"

"Well, I would like to, but mother is sick and she cannot be left alone."

The manager is now getting frantic as he nervously interviews No. 5.

"Miss——, can you turn out for a game on Thursday night? Oh! please, please, do!"

"Sure I will, if Jean, Sally, Etheleen and Nellie will, but not unless; we cannot put up a fight without them."

Alas! These are the very players in doubt. Flattery, persuasion, coaxing, all are of no avail. So far as this young miss is concerned, she will play, but only if the others will turn out.

The next day dawns and the manager of the team again makes the rounds, but with no better results than the previous day. By this time he is almost a raving maniac, and is last seen yelling into the phone that his team has cold feet and can not possibly play on the night arranged for. Very sorry to disappoint, etc., etc. After banging up the phone, he is heard to exclaim, "Oh! Death, where is thy sting! Give me strychnine, rat poison, or anything, rather than suffer this remorse!"

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A BUDDING PONZI DISCOVERED

There are various ways of making money. It falls to the lot of the Edmonton store to uncover the latest financial genius.

Here is the story: The grocery stockroom was the rendezvous of scores of those pestiferous denizens of the underground called mice, and nightly they would congregate in hope of picking up one of those

morsels which very seldom drop from Freddy's chopping block. One morning Freddy came to work and started in counting the raisins and currants, when lo and behold! there was one missing. This terrible state of things was viewed with great alarm by Freddy. Freddy has a helper named Reginald, who keeps the keys with which the Rocheforts and Gorgonzolas are locked up in their respective dens. To this efficiency expert in the business of guarding cheeses Freddy went for advice, and the outcome was that a wager was made that Reginald would capture a larger quantity of these miniature dinosaurs than Freddy would. The wager was a nickel a mouse. The first night's trapping yielded a catch of eighteen—Freddy, 12, and Reginald, 6. This did not please Reginald because he had always boasted about his abilities as a trapper, so he got to thinking as to how he could beat Freddy.

Now Reginald is pretty well known to Jimmy, the elevator steerer, who, be it said, was not averse to soiling his conscience for a consideration. And so Jimmy, being as clay in the potter's hand, did as Reginald bade him. The scheme was for Jimmy to collect all the dead mice he could lay his hands on and these were to be placed in Reginald's traps. The scheme was an absolute success and went over the top with a bang. The result was that Freddy had to draw all his savings out of the bank, while Reginald gloated over his ill-gotten wealth. But Nemesis was on his trail. Jimmy, who had worked faithfully for his master, demanded that Reginald live up to this contract of fifty-fifty and pay in cash or kind. After thinking it over, Reginald remembered some Flora Doras of a certain flavour, which he had won in a raffle about seven years ago. These dispellers of doubt were handed to Jimmy by Reginald with, we presume, the idea of exterminating his accomplice, but Jimmy has a constitution of iron and we are glad to say that he was only made very sick. When Jimmy recovered and was able to talk, the first thing he did was to squeal on Reginald, and this is how the ingenious plot was unravelled and this great financial genius discovered.

A-HIKING WE WILL GO

To be in the fashion, a number of our girls went hiking on a certain Sunday recently. About 11.30 a.m. the party got limbered up and started off. The girls were arrayed in various masculine garbs. The route was up the mighty Saskatchewan river, which wends its way between high wooded banks from the Rocky mountains to Lake Winnipeg.

The girls were heavily laden with tasty edibles, such as weiners to be roasted at the camp, olives, buns, oranges, dill pickles, butter, etc. What a mixture! But then, this was a girls' hike.

In navigating the steep bank of the river, the fun commenced. One, Nellie by name, attempted to run down, slipped, and slithered to the bottom on a mixture of snow and mud known as slush. The others also reached the bed of the river eventually. Some were venturesome enough to step on the ice, which was at least three feet thick. After much persuasion, the more timorous were prevailed upon to "chance it" and the hike was started in earnest.

After advancing up the river for a mile or so, a strange dog was seen following the merry hikers, some of whom took it for an evil omen. Fortunately the dog did not sit down and howl at them. When the prospective camp was reached and preparations made for the weiner roast, the strange actions of the strange dog were accounted for; Nellie, the weiners' guardian, had a hole in her haversack and the innocent little weiners had been dropping one by one all along the trail, much to the gastronomic delight of the dog.

All that were now left of the weiners were one per hiker. Horror of horrors!

a weiner roast with only one apiece for hungry pedestrians.

The next thing to do was to make a fire. A few sticks and leaves were gathered close in, as it was feared that wild beasts might be lurking if they penetrated farther into the woods. One, Jean by name, dived into her first national bank and produced the necessary matches. The fire was started. Dense smoke in columns spiralled heavenward, with a faint glimmer of flame showing at long intervals. Around this fiery inferno, the hikers vainly endeavoured to roast their weiners. After roasting, or rather smoking, the weiners, the buns were attacked ferociously. Dry eating, we'll say! Then someone thought of the butter. After a mad search, it was found in the haversack of Florence, being calmly and severely "sat on." What remained of the greasy mixture was spread on the buns with a pocket knife.

As the shades of evening crept in, the hikers began to show nervousness. Camp was struck and a return started. As darker and darker the shadows of the wooded banks enveloped the fair hikers, louder and louder they sang to cheer themselves up and to scare away all ferocious wild animals, such as mice, black beetles and bugs, which were seen by many lurking in the woods.

Someone struck up "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and it turned the trick. In spite of many terrors and hardships, the entire party reported for business sharp on time Monday morning, saved from death or worse by "Yes, We Have No Bananas."—*J. Prest.*

The man who works for a living is an ass. No man worth the powder to blow him to Kingdom Come works for a living. The man who does is a slave to his job. No man is worth his pay who doesn't see in his work something bigger than the pay he gets.

To a real man a living is merely a by-product of his job, not its motive. He doesn't work for dollars; he works for fun. And his biggest reward is the pride and satisfaction of a good workman in good work well done.—*Key of the House.*

Yorkton

Here we are again! It is some time since we appeared in this worthy magazine. However, we are glad to say we are looking forward to the spring and summer seasons with full confidence of good business. Although last year's crop was not of the best in this district, we feel confident that business is going to be better than last year, therefore to that end we are planning and preparing that every department will show a substantial increase over last year.

We were pleased to have the company of Mr. W. H. Cooke, general manager of Manitoba and Saskatchewan stores, and Mr. Fisher, merchandise inspector, for a day during last month.

We welcome Miss Grace Smith, who has succeeded Miss Burton in the dry goods department.

We enjoyed the visits of both S. D. Wilson, of Vancouver, and Mr. Elsie, of Saskatoon.

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DOUKHOBOR MIGRATION

The proposed return of the Doukhobors to Russia is of great interest to the people in this part of the country. They settled here from 1899 onwards and have prospered exceedingly in a material way, but, owing to their interests being community-held, they did no individual purchasing. Should they negotiate the deal which is pending whereby they will dispose of their holdings to an United States syndicate, about seven thousand resident in this district will leave for Russia within the next twelve months. The lands they are leaving will be settled by farmers from the central states of the U.S.A. and this will mean considerable acceleration of business not only in this town but throughout the whole district.

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An Englishman walked into the store the other day and asked our boot and shoe manager, "Which is the warmest rig for winter, moccasins or snowshoes?"

Saskatoon

The Hudson's Bay bowling team has materially improved its standing in the mercantile bowling league and is now in second place, the league leaders being only one point ahead. Bobby Ballantyne was the first to break into the 200 column, Jack Wakeford following him. Walter Hummitch and Wakeford are both rolling over the league average these days.

Hudson's Bay employees' welfare association held a very successful St. Valentine dance at the Art Academy on February 12th. Employees and their friends were all there; over 400 were present. The Art Harmony Five, the best dance orchestra in Saskatoon, supplied the music. It was excellent and every number was repeatedly encored. The dancing was in full swing from 9 o'clock until 1 a.m. Dainty refreshments were served at 11 p.m. The hall was attractively decorated with red streamers, hearts and cupids. The features of the evening were the novelty dance, the balloon dance and the prize waltz which was awarded to Mrs. Osborne. The committee in charge—Misses Miller, Plante, Horrocks, Brockington, Meech, Noble, Padbury and Amson, Messrs. R. J. Ballantyne, W. Campbell—are to be complimented for the capable manner in which they handled this very successful affair. We hope to enjoy another before the season is over.

We are all sorry to learn of Miss Rowe's illness. Miss Orr, who has been ill for some time, is getting along nicely and will be back to work very soon we hope.

Mrs. Clarke, Misses Shaw and Payne, Messrs. Sheppard and Campbell, who have been on the sick list, are all back to work and quite as ambitious as ever.

Miss Madill, millinery buyer, and Mr. Elsie, ready-to-wear buyer, have just returned from the east. Mr. Atkinson is at present in the east on a buying trip.

Faith in himself will lift a man from mediocrity to accomplishment.

Winnipeg

Retail

We have in our midst a young man who, it is rumoured, is quite a streak on skates, none other than John Young, assistant card-writer. Ask Lyon!

R. P. Farquhar is a new member of the staff to whom we extend a welcoming hand. Recently appointed manager of home furnishings and carpets, he took up his new duties February 11th. Mr. Farquhar was formerly with Simpson's Ltd., of Toronto.

Leslie Jones was all smiles one morning and was seen shaking hands on numerous occasions. A new baby girl, born Friday, February 15th, weight eight and a half pounds, mother and daughter doing well—that's the reason.

"Billy" Horwood, one-time budding ad. man, has left the Company's employ to become an iron master. Vulcan Iron Works, office of the general manager, is his new business address, and from reports his prospects are bright.

Mr. Cooke and Mr. Fisher spent a few days at Yorkton and Saskatoon during February.

Miss Claney returned to her post at the handkerchief counter February 18th, after a long illness from scarlet fever.

Miss O'Grady, buyer for hosiery, gloves and women's underwear, is in eastern markets on a buying trip. Miss Woodhead, buyer for women's ready-to-wear, and Miss McCheyne, millinery, returned in mid-February from successful trips in the interests of their respective departments.

Walter Davison, display manager, was in Chicago for a week toward the end of February, his chief object being to pick up some of the latest tips on silk and fabric draping. Walter is good at this part of his profession, and the best of us can always learn more about the displaying of merchandise from such leaders as Mar-

shall Field, Mandel Bros., Carson Pirie, Scott and other of the big stores.

We are sorry to report that Kathleen Ferris, of the office staff, is in the hospital. The latest word is that she is steadily improving.

We are pleased to have Miss Dugil, of the audit office, back with us again after a serious illness.

Lumber must be scarce in St. Vital. At the party, Miss Miles tried to walk off with part of the basement floor in her shoe, but Scottie caught her.

Alterations and improvements proceed apace in the store. New workrooms have been provided where formerly the fur trade offices were. Here the tailors, dressmakers, millinery workers, alteration and fur workers are happily located. On the third floor the old workrooms are being converted into a spacious men's dining room. We understand that Mr. Fisher has had a hand in providing this much-needed eating and recreation place for the men. The women's dining room is also undergoing a renovation.

A. T. G. Farquhar is stirring things up on the second floor, having held a very successful home sewing week and sale of silks and fabrics during February. A notable feature was the offer of free hemming and hemstitching of all fabrics bought in the event. It was the immediate cause of the department selling more sheetings and pillow cottons during three days than previously they had accomplished over several months. Young ladies operated the hemstitching machines in the department, and this caused customers to become interested at once.

After nine years of faithful service in the Winnipeg store, Sidney Rogers, of the supply department, left February 15th to join his brother in business in Calgary. He was presented with a leather suitcase and a gold-filled pencil by friends and well-wishers. Of a quiet, unobtrusive nature, Sidney Rogers was universally liked for his willingness to help out with cheerful good-will, no matter in what capacity duty called him. We shall miss him, and certainly wish him all kinds of success in his new venture.

The delivery department is still smiling over a peculiar hoax of recent date. A call came from a woman living away out in East Kildonan to pick up a parcel. The driver, Joe Scott, called for the parcel, although he had no recollection of having made a delivery at the house recently. However, he found it was an H.B.C. parcel properly addressed to a lady on Langside street. He proceeded to deliver it to the right party, but on entering the block some burnt matches dropped out and on investigation he found the parcel contained nothing but garbage. The original owner had used her H.B.C. wrapping paper in wrapping up garbage, leaving the label on the outside. The garbage collector, on his way to the incinerator with it, had evidently lost it from the wagon; the party who put in the call had picked up what she took to be a parcel of merchandise that our driver had lost and she promptly phoned the Company. All's well that ends well.

Miss Parker tells us this good one. Brother Tom had just started his new duties in our advertising department and was very anxious to be at work bright and early. He insisted upon taking charge of the alarm, and set it for an early hour. Miss Parker, on arising at her usual time, went to her brother's room to call him. There he was in bed fast asleep, with the clock under his arm. It had gone off in the wee sma' hours and Tom had taken it under the clothes to muffle it.

A. H. Robinson mentioned that this month completes his fourteenth year of service in the Winnipeg store, latterly in the capacity of service manager. We wonder how many can boast such long and earnest service. C. Robinson, R. Hoccom, A. H. Parkinson, E. J. Hardiman, Peter Goody are of course recognized old-timers with twenty or more years of service to their credit, but, when we pause to consider, we find some of our associates whom we look upon as youngsters are piling up quite a lengthy record. Those who have completed more than ten years in Winnipeg retail, besides the above mentioned,

are: Minnie McLeod, William Swain, Samuel B. Drennan, Hugh Logan, Leslie Jones, Fred Parker, E. M. Woodhead, Libbie Boake, Agnes McCheyne, J. J. Grant, William G. Fuller, George H. Bowdler, F. E. Smith, A. J. D. Ferguson, David Coulter, H. McPhie, Agnes Parker, Caroline Sargeant, R. A. Cunningham, Monica Watson, Jeanne Cazal, William D. Price, Thomas Croft, John Ogg, Thomas Nicol, William J. Blake, Samuel A. Moore

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THE SNOWSHOE TRAMP

About one hundred and ten persons, employees and friends of H.B.C., had the time of their lives on Friday, February 8th, meeting at Linwood school, Deer Lodge, for a combined snowshoe tramp and moccasin hike.

The happy crowd, led by Mr. Ogston, crossed the river into Assiniboine park, first visiting the animal pets. Mr. and Mrs. Bruin, however, had evidently retired, Mr. Coyote being the only one taking the air. After a hilarious time frolicing in the snow and a stroll through the park, the party returned to the school, where refreshments were provided.

The Memphis Five then drew the crowd into the main hall and a jolly moccasin dance was under way. For sheer enjoyment and pleasure that dance would be hard to beat, the orchestra playing without stint until about 12.30, when the tired but happy throng dispersed.

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HISTORICAL EXHIBIT

F. Bradshaw, of the Saskatchewan provincial museum, was an interested visitor to the historical exhibit in February, and complimented us upon the scope of the exhibits and the careful manner of their presentation.

Several school teachers have lately brought their pupils for an hour of pleasure and instruction, and the children have greatly enjoyed the experience.

A walrus head is the latest addition to our historical exhibit, presented by R. S. Wheildon, of fur trade staff. This is a typical head of an average-size bull walrus. It was shot by Mr. Wheildon on the ice south of Marble island in July, 1923. Marble island is on the west coast of Hudson Bay, south of Chesterfield inlet. The ivory of the walrus is used by the Eskimo for making implements and carvings.

The name "walrus" is said to come from the Scandinavian "valross," which means "whale horse." Walrus are peace-loving and gentle until attacked.

Hunting walrus is anything but safe. Once he sees that men mean to hurt him, he will fight with the utmost courage, sinking a boat with his heavy onslaught or tearing his enemy open if he can get at him with his powerful tusks.

He is hunted by white men for his ivory tusks, his blubber and his hide, the latter being manufactured into boots, harness, suit cases, etc.

The Eskimos use his tusks for implements and carvings, and his flesh for food both for themselves and their dogs. In some places, such as Siberia and Alaska, the Eskimos use his hide in making boats. The hide is over an inch thick, which makes it difficult to work.

Wholesale-Depot

The staff offers its best wishes for the continued success of Bill Watson, who has been transferred to Edmonton as manager of the wholesale department at that point. Bill was a popular member of the staff and took a very prominent part in the social activities at the depot.

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CURLING

Curling in the wholesale is now developing into quite an exciting race. Now that the bonspiel is over, the wholesale boys are looking forward to a few more exciting and hair-raising games as the schedule draws to a close. Close scores have been the spice of this year's curling events, which shows the teams are very evenly matched. Out of the five teams participating, McMicken rink holds the lead with four wins, the other four teams holding two wins each.

The standing of the teams is as follows:

	Won	*Lost*
McMicken	4	1
Poitras	2	3
Nairn	2	3
Thompson	2	2
Hughes	2	2

Land Department

The Land Commissioner visited Vancouver, Victoria, and Edmonton recently and will sail on *Ss. Antonia* on 3rd March for London, England, on Company's business.

The winter being exceptionally fine and the carnival a huge success, the land department decided to stage a winter sports frolic of its own. The fact that we merely walked across the carnival grounds and back, and spent the rest of the evening indoors at the canoe club, does not alter the fact that as a winter sports frolic it was the real thing. The idea was to hold a stag party, but some of the "men" who came had finely developed soprano voices. However, to the man in the moon it was a masculine affair. Luckily, no glass was broken, so that the bill was rather low. The night was wonderfully mild, with a steady fall of snow—that is, outside. We didn't see much of it, but the sample was excellent. The largest bonfire ever built in Winnipeg was burnt that night. We can vouch for this, as we saw the embers in the "wee sma" hours of the morning. This sounds like a queer report, but it was a queer affair. Anyhow, it went well and we're going to have another, so that's that!

—

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

The cosmopolitan nature of our farm population is often realized by members of the land department staff whose duty it is to try to decipher and to understand the letters received from various parts of the country. Such letters include those written in various languages, others show a valiant attempt at expression in English, while probably the majority of these amusing cases are the ones in which the English language is cruelly tortured by mis-spelling, phrasing, lack of punctuation, capitals, etc., by those who have been brought up in the English tongue.

An inspection of the department's files would reveal many cases which would be interesting and amusing to readers of *The Beaver*.

The following is rather a neat instance, in that while the words appear to have got rather out of control, they are all correctly spelled:

Hudsons Bay Ltd. Co.

Dear Sir:

Will what you do it the money. I paid you sometime. Will you send my spent and the total me paid

You thank

YUIR DIRG.

Fur Trade

L. V. N. FINLAYSON, LONGUE LAC

L. V. N. Finlayson, of Longue Lac, Ontario, holder of the Company's gold medal and two clasps for 44 years' service, commenced work at Longue Lac post in 1877 under his father, John Finlayson, who was in charge of that post for 18 years. He used to voyage as guide in the York boats to Heron Bay. Three boats of two and a half tons capacity each were used and two trips were made each summer.

About thirty years ago, he was given charge of an outpost near Ogoki Lake and remained there for one year. Some years later he was given an outpost at Sullivan Lake. After three or four years' service at this point, he was placed in charge of

Kowkash outpost, remaining there for a further three or four years. He worked for the Company from his boyhood till his retiral in the fall of 1921. He killed the first moose and also the first red deer ever seen by white men in the Montizambert district.

He has had a long and faithful service, but has very little to say regarding the wonderful experiences he must have had during his 44 years of pioneering.

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GEORGE "B." McLEOD

George "B." McLeod was born at Abitibi post on October 19th, 1861, and spent the first ten years of his life there. His father, an old H.B.C. man, was transferred to New Post in 1871 to take charge, so that McLeod was born and brought up in the service.

Going to Moose Factory in 1875, he joined the Company as apprentice boat builder at the age of fourteen. In 1885 he was appointed to the position of boat builder, in 1907 he became foreman, and in 1918 he was put in charge of New Post, a position his father had held before him. He retired in 1922, after forty-seven years' faithful service, and he now lives on his own property at Ravenscliffe, Muskoka, doing a little farming and "a little of everything" as he puts it.

He possesses the Company's gold medal with three clasps and is the proud father of a family of fourteen, some of whom, Mrs. McLeod and himself are shown above.

Be sure you are right then go ahead—and be sure you are wrong before you quit.

Cumberland House

The coldest temperature registered this winter was 38 below zero on 15th January. On 21st November the temperature fell to 3 below, which was the first cold snap. The ice in the Big Stone river is twelve inches thick, and we are shortly putting up a supply. To date not more than twelve inches of snow lies on the ground. We are having many days of bright sunshine.

Rabbits are more plentiful than for years past. This is a good omen.

Hugh Conn, district inspector, arrived on January 21st and left again for the northern posts on 27th. He was travelling with a fast train of dogs and had one of the best made ornamental carioles seen here for many a long day.

The Company own one hundred acres at this post. Less than one-third is cleared, the balance made up of spruce woods. It is an ideal spot and the soil dry clay and gravel overlying limestone rock. All wells are alkali. Cumberland lake is very shallow at normal stage of water. The woods here in the fall are grand. An invitation is extended to any of the Winnipeg staff who care to come here for duck and chicken shooting. There are four hogsheads of rum said to be buried near here by the North-West Company over one hundred years ago. It would be well, besides bringing your guns and golf sticks, to bring several divining rods.

Moise Sahys, "Big Moise," an old-timer, died quite recently at the age of 66. He was identified with the various steamers that have run on the Saskatchewan river at different periods, acting as pilot. As a young man he traded and travelled summer and winter for the Company. He was a big powerful man, standing six feet and quite a personality in the community. His father was at one time in charge of The Pas post and also at Pelican Narrows.

W. C. Rothnie, who came out on the *Baychimo* last summer, is away on his first long trip with dogs. John Forrest, of Revillon Freres, also recently out from

Dundee, hit the trail along with him. Let us hope they do not cut their feet off, lose the frying pans or burn holes in their blankets, and that they return with a *little* grub. Dog-driving as practised here advances an appreciative appetite 900 per cent. They both took a good supply of pemmican and a local food known as "sinoin," which is great stuff.

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KISSING

Kissing the hands of great men was a Grecian custom, and it was a mode of salutation among the Jews.

At some H.B. posts on New Year's Day the custom is indulged in to a great extent, presumably to the pleasure of all.

The Montagnais Indians of Labrador, that is the male members, always kissed each other when meeting after an absence of several months. They started on the forehead, then on either cheek, and finally on the mouth or as near to it as possible, the idea being the sign of the cross.

The origin of the custom of kissing other men's wives is lost in antiquity; the practice however has descended the ages, and to-day we find fragments of it in the makeup of the "social fabric," and, while not unmixed with an element of danger, 'tis said the pastime is really a very pleasant one.—*H. M. S. Cotter.*

Fort McMurray

OUR FRIEND IN NEED—RADIO

No longer do we find ourselves out of touch with the daily happenings of the outside world. In solving this handicap, our radio has achieved wonderful success, now that the initial difficulties in setting up and operating the innovation are mastered. The outfit comprises three steps of amplification besides a detector and loud speaker, all necessitating no less than 170 volts to operate and covering a range of 2500 miles. Providing the storage batteries are not too low, the voice or music is amplified to such an increased volume of intensity that it is often necessary to eliminate one step.

With such an added attraction, our mess house has recently become of an evening the rendezvous for numerous residents of the settlement besides the Company's local staff. It is very seldom we are disappointed with the entertainment of music, lectures, news and topics of the day, with various market and weather reports thrown in for good measure. We have picked up a score or more of the large broadcasting stations, chief among them being Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Los Angeles, Chicago, Portland, Montreal, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Great Falls, etc., and have had direct communication from the two first named stations.

With the wireless the government has decided to instal as far north as Aklavik in the Mackenzie river delta, our colleagues will be much better off, but this will affect only two or three posts directly. It is our sincere hope that in the near future our fellow workers all over the far north may enjoy the same privilege we now have at Fort McMurray.

Split Lake

Split Lake post is situated at the north end of Split lake, about 25 miles west of the Hudson Bay railway at mile 279.

It was established here nearly fifty years ago as the result of the migration of a number of Indian families from York factory, who settled here because of better hunting and fishing.

Our means of communication with the outside is by canoe to mile 279, Hudson Bay railway, via Landing river, then by gas car to mile 214, where the train arrives from The Pas, twice monthly.

The Anglican mission is located about 600 yards from the post and is in charge of Rev. Mr. Walter, who also conducts a day school for Indian children.

The R.C.M. police were at one time in residence here, but a few years ago the detachment was closed down, and the barracks is now occupied by the school. —*A. C. Clark*

McKenzie River

L. Romanet, acting district manager, returned from a visit to Edmonton on February 13th, after having an interview with the fur trade commissioner at that point. The staff at McMurray were given a pleasant surprise, when listening in on the radio, to hear both Mr. Brabant and Mr. Romanet speak from the *Journal* broadcasting station in Edmonton. Although this office has not as yet been visited by the commissioner, we at least greatly appreciate the message received from him.

The fur from northern posts as far as Fort Providence arrived at Fort McMurray per Micky Ryan's horse-drawn sleds on February 10th, and will be shipped out in time for the London sale in March.

We have recently received at Waterways a carload containing wireless equipment for one of the stations the government intends to establish in the north. Negotiations are now under progress to have a chain of stations installed from McMurray to Aklavik and the Yukon.

Outfit 255 supplies for the posts of McKenzie river district are now arriving at Waterways, which opens 1924 activities for our transport department.

Norway House

The first winter mail left for Setting lake, Hudson Bay railway, on November 24th. This is a new route, mails in previous years having travelled south across Lake Winnipeg to Riverton.

The entire staff attended divine service on Christmas Day.

The bachelors of the settlement gave a dance at the fort recently, quite a pleasant time being spent. During the evening a ping-pong tournament was held, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot carrying off the prizes.

On December 20th, Constable P. W. Durant, of the Manitoba provincial police, and Miss Luella Bullen, the local teacher, left for Cross Lake, where they were married by Bishop Charlibois. During their sojourn there they stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson at the Company's post. On New Year's night, a dance and social evening was given at the fort to welcome them on their return to Norway House.

Fur teams from interior posts commenced arriving on January 15, shipments from Oxford House and God's Lake, reaching here on that day.—*R. A. Talbot.*

Winnipeg

Capt. G. E. Mack, superintendent of Bay transport, who has now been transferred to the Winnipeg head office, arrived here February 6th.

"Buster" Brabant has left the Winnipeg raw fur buying office for Setting Lake post, Keewatin district.

R. S. Wheildon, late of Chesterfield Inlet, built some Eskimo igloos for the carnival, but unfortunately they collapsed after the first couple of days, owing to the warm weather.

A gentleman who had been dining just well enough to get a bit muddled went to hear an astronomer lecture to the Royal Society. During the course of the lecture the astronomer announced that the world would come to an end in about 92 million years. "How long did you say?" anxiously enquired the diner, standing up. "I said 92 million years," replied the lecturer. "Thank heaven!" gasped the diner, subsiding to his seat with a look of relief, "I thought you said nine million."

Harriet Stewart, of Keewatin district, has returned from a trip to the east. Amongst places visited were Toronto, Ottawa, Chicago, Minneapolis and Detroit.

W. A. Murray, post manager of Nelson House, Keewatin district, died suddenly at the post on January 16th.

We are glad to see a marked increase in the fur trade news in this issue. We can stand more yet. Keep up the good work!—Ed.

The Whispering Pines

Wouldn't those stately old pines whisper and nod their shaggy heads if they could only hear the mysterious radio voices flying through the forest!

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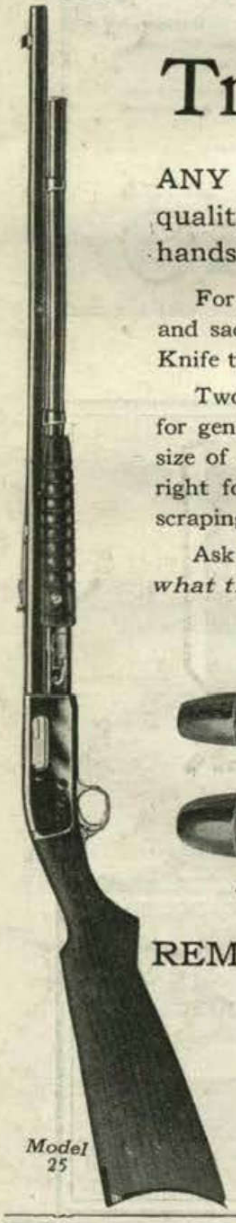

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